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"Said the Spider to the Fly."

PRIZE STORY, BY C. W. MCILVAINE, '85, VT.

I.

"I HAVE IT; the very thing!" exclaimed Malcolm Walworth. The zest of his idea seemed to descend to his feet. He fairly bounded up the steps of a house on Fifth Avenue. He pulled the door-bell vigorously. His eagerness seemed to tingle along the wire and tremble in the ring of the bell. The sound ran up the stairs and startled a young lady there from a nap. It so infected a pug who was waddling by, that he barked energetically. It hurried down stairs again and sought out the butler. It urged him to answer the bell with more than ordinary haste. It spoke in the inquiring looks of the face which he presented to his disturber.

The young lady, who had been startled by the sound of the bell, was still further ruffled when the name of her caller was announced. But she presently received him.

"I beg your pardon for disturbing you; but I had something to tell which I knew would interest you," he began.

"You have?" she asked, languidly. Her eyes found the carpet a subject of greater interest at the moment.

"Knowing how infatuated you are with the subject of Hawthorne, I thought that you would like to hear about the cottage in which he lived, in Lenox." He spoke slowly, with the air of a man playing his last card; and then waited to watch the effect. The trick was won. Her coldness changed at once to lively interest.

"Hawthorne? Tell me all about it!"

"He lived there in '51, and, among other works, wrote 'The House of the Seven Gables,' in this little cottage, which he named 'Tanglewood.' Curiously enough, too, if you include the shed, which is really joined to one corner of the building, it has exactly seven gables."

"Include the shed by all means!" she said, laughing.

"I knew you would like to hear about —, are you going to the cotillon to-morrow?" he asked, abruptly. He had made a misplay. A coldness, suggestive of the first part of the interview, crept over her.

"I like Hawthorne," she murmured, finally. "I think dog-carts, coaching, dancing, cotillons, are,—nonsense!" she added, almost fiercely.

He followed suit to her lead. "I meant to tell you that an old maiden lady, a regular old Tartar—"

"Tartars are just sweet!" she interrupted.

"Yes, of course; a just sweet old lady," he corrected himself with.

"Oh! but I thought you said she was a Tartar," disappointedly.

"I mean—yes: an old Tartar, that is—"

"The last of her tribe, eh?"

"A regular, old, just sweet, last-of-her-tribe, maiden lady, Tartar—there!" he finished with an air of relief. "She

lives in the house now. She is respectable, but rather poor. So she takes a few boarders in summer."

"By way of maintaining her respectability? I was so afraid you were going to say she took washing."

"The cottage is delightfully situated, too, overlooking Lake Mahkeenac and overlooked by hills."

"It must be just too lovely—why, you're not going?"

"I think I must; I haven't anything more to say—about Hawthorne."

"Well, be sure and come again—when you have!"

For some time after he had gone she stood still just where he had left her. "The first time I have ever enjoyed a call from Malcolm Walworth. He might be really tolerable if he talked about Hawthorne all the time. I dislike him, though! If Papa only hadn't parceled me out to him! I have a great mind to go and board at that cottage in Lenox. He couldn't come to see me there, which would be a comfort. And then, Hawthorne! I wonder if the cottage is appropriate enough to be his,—all dusty and spidery and cobwebbery!"

II.

On an afternoon in June, one thousand eight hundred eighty-three, a starched, sour-visaged woman was looking through the blinds across the expanse of a "headlong Berkshire" valley. Her cottage did not stand; it lounged on an easy slope. It was a long, low structure, made up of several square gable-roofed parts joined together. The additions tagged after each other, just as if the conceptions of them had dawned one by one upon the benighted brain of the builder, and each had to be carried out at once for fear of its escaping his mind. It was a weather-stained, crimson color. A garden nestled confidingly in its shelter, where lilies and poppies and marigolds bloomed in luxuriant tangle. Large elms tenderly stroked its hoary moss-grown roof with their branches.

Closed door and tightly-latticed windows gave the house the air of shutting rather than opening upon the street. But if on one side it seemed thus actually to frown upon passers-by, on the other it had the look of a contented smile. Every bright morning it would laugh back the mirth which crept in the sunshine over the hills and beamed from wave to wave in the lake below. Sun and cottage, however, exchanged no smiling greetings on that June morning, one thousand eight hundred eighty-three. Dark clouds hung threateningly over the valley. The starched, sour-visaged woman gave the weather a sympathetic scowl, which looked as if it might be habitual, so well did it befit the severity of her face.

"If it ain't a fixin' to rain," she ejaculated. Her eyes fell from clouds to earth. The particular bit of earth which they lighted upon was the dusty road which wound up the hillside.

"If there ain't the stage!" The conditional particle was a favorite of hers. "It must be agoin' to them fashion houses on the hill," she further observed.

But it didn't. It rumbled and jolted and creaked up to her own door. A young girl alighted from it, and proceeded to see that three large trunks and sundry boxes shared a like fate.

Meanwhile Mrs. Napitts (for this was the name of that one-of-the-blinds) had observant eyes upon her. She had an English face. Her profile was charming. As she gave orders for the disposal of the luggage, her eyes, her face, her whole person were aglow. A dreamy languor would follow such a burst of animation. Then her very want of activity seemed to demand and secure that others should supply it for her. If one did not do for her, one was uncomfortable. So Mrs. Napitts felt.

"I had better be movin'," she announced to herself. "It must be that 'ere Miss Read, from New York. I knew some fuss was a brewin' the minute I looked out the winder."

Having completed these sage observations, she opened the door.

Whereupon she scowled.

III.

In an old-fashioned room, upon an old-fashioned chair, sat Helen Read, writing. And this is what she wrote :

"TANGLEWOOD," Lenox, June —, 1883.

DEAR PAPA:—POOR NAPITTS! I don't believe she understands what has come across the spirit of her dreams, if she ever has them. She evidently don't understand me; and I have tramped across them most uncerecermoniously. She is never without a scowl, which seems to be part and parcel of her face. This, and suspicious eyes, she has turned upon me from the minute I joggled up to her door, that stormy morning, in the old stage. Her scowl actually lowered, when piece after piece of baggage came rattling off the top of the stage. And when I brought forth from them old mirrors and pictures, and all my things, and, thus armed, "all gleaming in purple and gold," as it were, came down upon her dark, musty, little parlor, "like a wolf on the fold," I expected a thunder-shower from that scowl, any minute. She saw in me the ruthless destroyer of all that she held dear, which, by the way, are horrible, prim, hair-cloth covered furniture, chromos representing impossible dishes of fruit, and some stiff vases filled with ghastly wax flowers. She looked at me pityingly. She muttered, "There ain't no circumlocution for it, nohow." With this conviction, she gathered up the more portable of her treasures and fled. Meanwhile, I mounted a ladder, made of those precious hair-cloth chairs piled together, and hammered the walls and my fingers. I lost the picture-wire and my temper. I shook the house so vigorously with my battering, that Napitts collected courage, and came to see what I was up to. I was up to the wall at the moment, hanging that portrait of the Pyncheon ancestor—you know, that one you bought for me when I was reading "The House of the Seven Gables." With this, and the old map of Maine, and the big arm-chair, and the mahogany table, it looks quite like the Pyncheon library in the book. To think that Hawthorne wrote in this very room! But Napitts had brushed and scrubbed every particle of dust and cobwebs and romance out of it, and out of her old starched frame, too. Thanks, however, to some small urchins whom I beguiled into my service, I have now quite a collection of spiders. They have even dared to spin their webs in sight of Napitts' ominous scowl, and the dust has actually collected half an inch thick under her very spectacled old nose. Hawthorne would have relished this state of things.

But really there is stock and capital enough on hand here to make up a "House of the Seven Gables." Just cast up the assets, and see:

Item—Napitts, with a scowl which she wears as habitually as the spectacles on her nose, just like "Hepzibah."

Item—A most valuable property. A real, live daguerreotypist rooming in one of the gables. He seems to be wealthy, very sedentary, and has a daguerreotype hobby. All that I can get out of Napitts about him is that he is "so puntual." "Puntual to what?" I ventured to ask. For it couldn't cost him much trouble to be punctual to his room, as he is always in it. "Oh! particklar-like and techy," she replied. Punctilious! Poor Napitts' vocabulary!

Item—Myself (also very valuable!) in the character of Phoebe, and liable to marry the daguerreotypist—but I believe I'm adding up liabilities in the column of assets! *You* wish to put me down to the credit of Malcolm Walworth, don't you? It's too bad in me to mix up your accounts this way, dear Papa. At all events, it is a pretty good "House of the Seven Gables," now isn't it?

I haven't heard a word from any one, not even from Malcolm. Good-bye, dear old Papa, and come soon to see

Your devoted

HELEN.

She sat still for some minutes after finishing her letter, gazing out upon the placid waters of the lake below.

"No! he hasn't written a word to me. I didn't mean him to drop me. I—I only came up here—because I liked—Hawthorne." She was shedding a few tears in spite of herself. "I wish men weren't so stupid, anyway!" drying her eyes. She folded her letter with a vicious little twitch.

IV.

The fact of the transformation of "Tanglewood" cottage into a typical "House of the Seven Gables" could not be hidden under a bushel. Napitts' was like the city set on a hill. Everybody visited it. It was astonishing how many devotees of Hawthorne sprung up all at once.

"I feel as if I were president of a bank, in which were deposited treasures of romance; and that there had been a run on it," declared Helen. She might have added that her bank had suspended payments, for no one was ever admitted.

"I believe I'll make an exception with this sight-seer. He's an author; so he must feel reverence for Hawthorne. Show Mr. H—— in, Napitts."

Mr. H—— justified Helen in the favor she had granted; for he took and gave interest.

"This is a charming prospect you have," he exclaimed, gazing at the bit of landscape framed by the window.

"Yes; but do you know, I always have to dress myself up in a country before I'm sure I like it,—have to put it on like my best bib and tucker," she said naively.

"That is—"

"I have to imagine myself planted on some one of its slopes, and see whether it fits and would wear well, whether I enjoy the scenery."

"Does this 'dress' suit you?" he asked, glancing around the room. "It certainly becomes you," he added quickly. He was thinking of her as a bit of sunshine all the brighter for the dark, old-fashioned room.

"Oh! I love it!" she replied enthusiastically. "It is rather lonely though, all by myself. I feel as if I were seeking shade in my own shadow," she continued thoughtfully.

There was a pause.

"May I crave permission to draw a pen-and-ink sketch of you 'dressed up,' as you call it, in this charming cottage and country?" he broke in with finally.

"Do you mean, make me the heroine of a story?"

"May I have the honor?"

"Ah! not till you tell me who shall be the hero," she said, gaily.

He wore a puzzled expression for a few moments.

"It would be quite romantic, and in the spirit of Hawthorne, in this 'House of Seven Gables,' for the hero to be the daguerreotypist."

"You've seen him, then? You must tell me how he looks," she continued, in her lively way.

"Oh, he has smooth complexion, brown eyes, medium height —"

"Well, see what you can make of us!" she suddenly interrupted.

After Mr. H—— had gone, Helen repeated slowly to herself, "Smooth complexion, brown eyes, medium height." She stopped. "Malcolm was the one who told me of this cottage; I wonder if it can be he! It was so unnatural for him to talk to me all about Hawthorne that day, for he is so jealous of him! I wonder —"

V.

It was evening. It was the gathering of a storm. Wind, clouds, blackness, thunder, lightning. The wind blew fitfully, in gusts. The clouds hung heavy. Thunder rumbled through the blackness. Lightning rent it. Below, in the valley, surged the lake. Above, on the hillside, branches creaked. An hour passed; still wind, clouds, blackness, thunder, lightning. A figure stole out of the cottage into the darkness, finding her way as if by instinct, and now sinking into a rustic seat in the garden.

Suddenly she started.

Helen was face to face with Malcolm.

"The daguerreotypist seeks his Phœbe," he said, passionately.

The wind rocked the trees.

"Oh! Helen, I planned this all. I told you about this Hawthorne cottage. I knew you would come to it. I thought of the 'House of the Seven Gables.' I sent Mr. H—— as an emissary to find how you felt. I had to know. I would take the part of Holgrave, the daguerreotypist. I could not win you in any other way. Hawthorne was the only one who could help me—" He paused.

There was a lull in the storm.

Helen looked down and the wind softly stroked her cheek.

"I've been caught in a web," she said, finally. "I like webs and spiders. And the spider who spun this web, I—love him!" She looked up into his eyes. He bent down and kissed her.

Below, in the valley, the clouds had broken into joyous rain.

"You are mine," he exclaimed.

"Said the spider to the fly," she murmured.

*A Study of Idealism.**

THE distinguishing characteristic of the best English literature produced in the last three or four decades is its seriousness; its bent has all along been in the direction of moral truth. Previously in the history of our literature, except during the Puritan movement, nothing was deemed more remote from the sphere of art than these very questions of religion and morality, which now are the staple subjects of poetry and fiction. Their intense ethical significance is what gives most tone and interest to George Eliot's novels; this, too, is one great source of Mr. Browning's influence. Take up the works of recent and contemporary critics, and observe the character of their subjects. It is necessary to mention only Dowden and Froude and Arnold, without considering Newman and Martineau and other actors in the Oxford movement. There has, to all appearances, come into existence a new form of writing, neither distinctly philosophical nor theological, nor yet purely literary; it may, without restriction, be called critical, for it not only claims to create nothing, but is the production chiefly of reviewers and men of letters formerly devoted to literary criticism.

*"Poems," by Jones Very. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1883.

"The Poetry of A. H. Clough." *Fortnightly Review*; June 1st, 1883.

To ascribe this increased interest in cosmic ethics solely to the Oxford revival, or to the German influence, or to Coleridge's idealism, or to the French Revolution, is plainly a mistake. It is too wide-spread, and is felt and propagated by men of too much diversity of opinion to have had an origin in any one of these. But no observer will deny that an important, if not the greatest cause of the prevailing seriousness, is the revival of idealism, which took place in both England and America some forty or fifty years ago. In this country, the most wonderful phenomenon of its literary entrance was the mutual dependence of transcendentalism and literature during that period. Emerson—what would his works be with transcendentalism left out? Channing and Parker and Ripley were all, in one sense, men of letters. Thoreau, undoubtedly, was strongly influenced by the new motive for life, as was Hawthorne; the latter being even a half-hearted supporter of the Brook Farm experiment. And who can measure the enlightening influence of that great controversy upon the younger generation, Longfellow and Holmes and Lowell? In America idealism was triumphant; in England it was met and checked by the scientific movement. The result was, here a Jones Very, as the characteristic poet of transcendentalism; there, an Arthur Hugh Clough, the poet of doubt and moral conflict. And what was the nature of the scientific movement? It is easier to answer the question, What were its effects? First, the attaching of extraordinary importance to so-called realities, to this life in contradistinction from the life to come, to what can be perceived by the senses and reasoned by logic, rather than to tradition and emotion and inspiration; and subsequently, a devotion to activity as against reflection, a blasé feeling in reference to great designs and expectations, and a pathetic irony in reference to the higher life. It is hard to imagine two tendencies more antagonistic to each other than this scientific spirit and the spirit of idealism.

But in the men of our times these two opposing forces have met, and woe to him who is susceptible to both and loyal to his impressions. He may be great and noble, but he cannot be happy. To one who is in any way a kindred spirit, the poetry of Clough shines out as the revelation of the inmost heart of the most modern man. It is well that we have solid testimony to his integrity and personal worthiness, else we might question the sincerity, not of his beliefs, but of his doubts. By nature prone to worship and obey, his keen intelligence and his susceptibility to impressions threw the shadow of doubt over all his most cherished faiths. He was, at heart, an idealist, but the scientific spirit had made him, intellectually, an investigator, a skeptic, and almost an unbeliever in things spiritual. His poems are chiefly valuable as battle-scenes in the moral conflict which ensued. Such are "The Hidden Love" and "Qua Cursum Ventus." With what anguish of spirit was he forced at one time to sadly confess—

"Seek, seeker, in thyself; submit to find
In the stones, bread, and life in the blank mind."

And with what a glad revulsion of faith he exclaims, "Say not the struggle nought availeth," and so on through that magnificent psalm of consolation. His hours of "mortal moral strife" were many and painful, and when we learn of his more outward but no more real sufferings for truth—the giving up of his Oxford living, for example, we begin to realize the bitterness of the fruit of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil. In Emily Brontë's poems, also, there are traces of the tears of inward strife. The sadness of her "Last Lines," and the infinite yearning of her stanzas beginning, "Often rebuked, yet often back returning," will better illustrate this conflict than all the works of biographers and critics.

It is said that Clough sometimes longed to live simply for worship, apart from other activity, but that his contradictory

impulses always forbade. Jones Very felt no such restraining earth-bonds about him. He was not enveloped by the atmosphere of scientific methods of thought, because the scientific movement had not yet begun in New England. So his soul walked apart, and communed with the unseen. He was "an holy eremite" of a new dispensation. What, to an unsympathetic observer, must ever seem suicidal fanaticism, was in him the truest, plainest duty. He believed, as the most truly religious souls always do, that the book of God's revelation is not yet closed; that the temple of the Spirit is still the soul of man. To have tended and guarded some humble shrine, warming himself at the divine flame within his heart, would have fulfilled every demand of his soul. Modern life offers but few monasteries to such holy devotees; nay, modern life is utterly hostile to them, and puts them rather to the rack and thumbscrew. But just at the time in which Very chanced to live and write, transcendentalism had set up a place of refuge; its enemies may, with some show of reason, sarcastically term this place of refuge an asylum. It is scarcely possible that any poetry has ever been written which is so spiritual, so deeply devotional, so thoroughly ideal, as the few short songs in which Very poured forth his intenser feelings. They remind one of Clough, and yet how different from his poems they are; so secure is the faith they express; so concentrated the emotion. The lines of Clough's impulses are a tangled web, all strong and beautiful enough, but lying in no one direction. In the case of Very, they are singularly few and straight, all leading upward. Very is no isolated phenomenon, as one might suppose; he is not an unpredicted, unaccounted-for star in the firmament of letters; in him the transcendental movement produced its purest and most characteristic result.

It is not a difficult thing to find means of estimating the effects of transcendentalism upon religion or ethics or metaphysics, upon political questions and social systems.

But by the publication of Very's poems, the world is for the first time able to judge of its effect upon the simplest and most elemental form of literature. We may also congratulate ourselves upon the opportunity which the increasing number of critical estimates of Clough's poetry gives for a study of the concrete result of idealism and skepticism working simultaneously.

The Principle of Harmony in Nature and Humanity.

MCLEAN PRIZE ORATION, BY JAMES M. BALDWIN, '84.

THE worlds are hung on a single thread. If the cord be cut that holds a globe in place, the fatal word is passed through space, and the laws of order yield to the reign of ruin. The bee hums as she flies with her burden from the flower to the hive; the sunset is a great painting, hung in the common palace of mankind; the distant city binds the tramp of a thousand busy feet in a low, sweet murmur, and the trickling brook cuts, with quiet toil, strange forms in the living rock, or wears a polish on the jewel in its bed. In all her forms of expression, Nature has one voice.

Genius is constructive, not creative. Man interprets what he finds, and as his interpretation is true to the models of nature and of life, he becomes the poet and the artist. Some one of nature's pictures seen, remembered; some one of nature's sounds heard and caught—this it is that moves the tongue, the brush, the pen, and in its feeble imitation excites the wonder of a continent. Does the writer pour from his pen a flood of inspiring words that rouse the heart to faith and duty? It is only the outburst of a troubled storm within. Has the poet a strange spell that transforms the dull and lifeless into a panting, breathing organism? It is only the deeper expression of this hidden spirit of unison with

other forces that goads the imagination, that guides the reason, that enflames the zeal of every ambitious soul. It flits in the smoke of Dante's *Inferno*, it embodies the form of Luther's devils, it inspires the wings of Calvin's faith; it goes with Milton beyond the veil of the highest heavens, and brings to earth things too great for man to utter; it sings in the tumult of Byron's passion, it urges Bunyan's pilgrim on his weary way, it rises from the flames of martyrs. Harmony of color, sound and scent, delicacy of expression, gentleness of touch—all are the manifestations of one grand principle that appeals to our inner and better nature, and guides us to excellence in every sphere. The stroke of thunder is the swell of a thousand pipes, that reëcho in the roar of the cataract and the bursting of the shell, speaking more distinctly in some great deed of man that moves the world of thought or feeling, and finding grander expression still in the conquest of some vice or passion, and the bursting of the bonds of sin. I sometimes wish we had another sense, to unite the functions of those we have in one, and to combine their impressions in a harmonious whole. Let the most beautiful shades and combinations of color, the most graceful forms, and the sweetest sounds join in an appeal to this new sense, and what rapture would then result!

And thus combine all that is noblest and best in the moral world, and we rise into purer harmony than nature yields—the harmony of action. The moaning of the wind in the forest, the bleating of the lost lamb on the hillside, the newly-made grave in the church-yard, these do not speak alone; but the aching heart, the generous impulse, the noble deed, unite with these in a full and rounded anthem. As one feels the grasp and pressure of a friendly hand, and gazes into the still depths of a loving eye, whose lid has lifted freely that the tear of sympathy may trickle to the ground; as one sees another's lip tremble with his sorrow

and another's breast heave with his distress, he hears a bar of the grandest melody that the chords of human feeling afford. Character is harmony or discord. Feelings of humanity rule the individual, stir society, and ere long will judge in the councils of nations. Man is a unit. The graveyards of the world are common property; famine and pestilence are common foes.

Give the misanthrope his way; let him wrap himself in his shroud of self-sufficiency, and cast away the slender staff of human sympathy and help; let him steel his heart to the cries of a suffering world; let him pass the soldier wounded on the field, tear down the roof that shelters the widow and her babe; let him scoff at the gentleness of woman and the confidence of childhood; let him see, unmoved, the characters of blood with which death has written his doom upon his door-posts; and let him fling into the face of Heaven the last end of a misspent life. I ask, is this sufficient? Is this the fairest flower that humanity bears? Is this the end of our gropings and yearnings for truth and life? Are the joys of youth, the aspirations of manhood, the faith and devotion, the gentleness and love of mankind, only the scattered rays that render the darkness more terrible? Or is there a sun to which these rays converge, a sequel to this book of problems, that our blind eyes cannot read? Shall we ever reach the notes that we now attempt to strike upon our broken strings?

These are questions that probe the heart like a surgeon's knife. The long corridors of time have never ceased to echo with the cry, "What beyond?" Here reason has faltered and philosophy has failed. Here the Great Architect has erected a wall to hide the mysteries of the eternal world. Like Noah's dove, the soul returns again from its weary flight through a world of uncertainty and doubt.

Now leave the misanthrope in his indifference and come to the scene of conflict, toil and pain. Draw back the cur-

tain from the throngs of crowded life and gaze upon the sea of conflicting human efforts; grasp the hot palm and feel the quick pulse of fever; smooth the wrinkles of old age; wear the tattered rags of poverty; breathe the dense, foul air that hangs over great cities like the black wing of death; hear the stifled cry that ascends from tenement houses and crowded lanes; penetrate the dens of shame and crime; trace the line of crape that encircles the globe and binds man in his brotherhood of woe; touch the nerve that throbs and stiffens with the heat and cold of life's summer and winter, and then address yourself to the problems that every age presents.

Then you are moving in time with the tread of God's great army. Do you feed the hungry and clothe the naked? So does earth, with her thousand products. Do you cleanse society and elevate the condition of man? So do the majestic streams that bear away upon their bosoms the germs of disease and the seeds of decay. Do you train men's minds and hearts in the truths of morality and religion? So does nature, in all her forms of purity and beauty. This is the deepest harmony of creation. This stems the tide of opposing interests; this silences the clash of war; this consecrates the din of commerce. This is the song that the angels sang at the birth of the Man of Sorrows; the song that has drowned the groans, the balm that has healed the wounds, of nineteen centuries. The elevation of humanity is the mission and the seal of faith.

With such an end life becomes real, and one contributes his share to the universal symphony of being. He feels for the sorrowing, cares for the suffering, and weeps for the sinful. A barren, desolate future becomes a blessed present, and sacred joy consecrates the sorrows of the past, as the rays of the setting sun tint the clouds that rest upon the horizon.

A Gift.

'TIS but a rose,
And silent now
Its soft appeal ;
But still I vow
Its pledge to keep,
And still I feel
Thy glances sweep,
Whose secret love it knows.

Its tale is told—
Its withered leaves
Are at my feet ;
But my soul receives
And drinks anew,
As in its dew,
The message sweet
Thy timid words withhold.

Fresh, flowery dove !
Thy blush it did assume,
And to it lent
Its sweet perfume ;
To capture me
Itself it spent,
Expressing thee—
Fond messenger of love.

Centralization of Power in the United States.

THE centralization of power in this country has been a necessary and a natural growth. It is the result of causes and circumstances such as made imperative closer union and more vigorous administration than before existed. It has not been accomplished by civil wars or by bloody revolutions, but with the acquiescence of the people in the measures requisite for their welfare. From the Articles of

Confederation to the Federal Constitution is the most comprehensive step in the history of the centralization of American power. Since that epoch but few acts of the government stand out into prominence in connection with this subject, although the tendency of the measures adopted by the government in the late war, of the annexation of new states and territories, and, in a less degree, of all legislation, has been towards a more central government.

All government supposes executive authority. Legislation without coercion is as useless as an unstrung bow. The acts of a legislative body which is not vested with the power required to enforce its decrees, can exert no influence over the actions and lives of men, unless fear of impending peril, dread of public calamity, or some equally profound emotion, accompanied by a well-founded confidence in the abilities of the legislators, sway the spirit of the times. The absence of this power of enforcement was preëminently the defect in the Confederation of 1780. The enactments of the Continental Congress were, in effect, no more than recommendations to the several states whose legislatures, at their option, rejected or accepted them. Immediately on the adoption of this scheme of government, its inefficiency to the preservation of the Union became evident. The state legislatures were the supreme power in all branches of the government, and each state was virtually a separate democracy. Congress might propose a treaty with a foreign power; all, or only a part, of the states might ratify it, and, at the first caprice, those which did subscribe to the negotiations might withdraw their compliance with the terms of the treaty, and thus destroy the foreign credit of the Union, and effectually check concerted action in forming alliances with other nations. Nor was this the only grave defect in the Confederation. The absence of a mutual guarantee of the state governments; the principle of regulating the contributions of the several states to the national treasury by quotas; the want of congressional power to regulate com-

merce; the method of raising troops, by making requisitions on the states for quotas of men; the right of equal suffrage in Congress among the states; the want of a supreme judicial tribunal, were all capital imperfections in the federal plan of government. Washington, Madison, Hamilton and Jay, the pioneers of the Constitution, were convinced of the inefficiency of the Confederation, and of the imperative need of a more centralized government, and attempted every measure for the consummation of their desires which their ability and experience could suggest. The smaller states, fearful of losing their individual rights, and of becoming merged into an empire, sturdily opposed further consolidation, and, being in the majority, invalidated all the efforts of these far-sighted statesmen. Events, however, soon necessitated a compromise of these sentiments. Gradually Congress came to be vested with authority to grant charters to national banks; to levy imposts; to call out state militia; to dispense justice in actions between the states, or between citizens of different states, in a court constituted by Congressional appointment; to raise direct taxes among the states, and to take the steps requisite to enforce their collection; to improve water-ways wholly within any state; to dispose of public lands in the West; to exercise full authority over the commerce of the country. These powers and prerogatives were neither centered in Congress at one time, nor were they acquired in the same way. A few were assumed by Congress, but these were such as would least tend to arouse the jealousy of the states. The more important were yielded to Congress by the states themselves, under the influence of the gravest necessities. In this way the prejudice against a closer union was gradually removed. The modesty of Congress in assuming power, reassured the timid, and the deplorable condition of politics reconciled them to a thorough investigation of republican principles in a convention composed of representatives of the several states.

The debates in the convention assembled conclusively showed that its action was restricted to an alternative—either the continuation of the Confederation, which would doubtless result in the dissolution of the league between the states, or a constitution which centered the chief power in some responsible head. To expect that the several states could exist side by side as separate republics, without civil and military conflicts, would be to disregard or to contradict all history. The incentives to war which always exist between adjacent countries were intensified and multiplied. Boundaries, ever a spring of controversies, would in this case be an aggravating cause of war. The charters of the states, which would be the natural arbiters of territorial disputes, were often so vague and inconsistent as to furnish grounds for exorbitant claims. Commercial difficulties, as well as territorial, would spring into existence. Besides the hostility engendered by the rivalries of trade, there would arise a vexatious question as to whether the few states possessed of safe harbors would be justified in collecting duties on imported goods afterwards to be sold to the inhabitants of other states. If such injustice were attempted, what peaceable means of redress were at hand? The first controversy, however, which would grow from the dissolution of the Confederacy, would be in regard to the settlement of the national debt, at that time upwards of a million of dollars. Should it be repudiated, to the discredit of all the states? On what scheme should it be distributed among the states? How should disputes in regard to such apportionments be adjusted? What should be done in case of repudiation on the part of some of the states? Such questions as these would constantly recur, engendering dangerous animosity. In addition to these strong incentives to war, laws passed in violation of private contracts, duties on exports from one state to another, and numerous other fortuitous issues were to be considered. The effect of these causes, in case the Confederation were abandoned, could

only be intestine war, with its attendant evils in the way of standing armies large in proportion to the population of the states, unexpected invasion, sudden conquest, instability of government and trade, insecurity of property and life, terminating in the subjugation of the whole by some foreign power.

A firmly compacted union would, on the other hand, be a valuable safeguard against domestic faction and insurrection; a protection which it seemed probable the hostility and jealousy that existed between the large and small states would soon require. There are two methods of alleviating the mischiefs of faction—the removal of the causes and the mitigation of the effects.

The causes of party strife may be removed by one of only two means—the destruction of liberty or the impression of the same opinions on the minds of all citizens. Of the first alternative it can be truly said that the remedy is worse than the disease. It might as well be urged that, as oxygen supports combustion, science should direct all its energies towards the discovery of some process by which this life-sustaining element could be removed from the atmosphere. The second alternative will be impracticable as long as human judgment remains fallible. The impossibility of obtaining uniformity in political opinions is amply illustrated by the tendency to “split” exhibited by the modern parties; a tendency readily accounted for by diversity in the faculties of men. The latent causes of faction are thus inherent in man, and relief from the dangers of organized and methodical struggles between diverse interests must be sought in neutralization of effects.

If a faction be a minority, the republican principle of equal and universal suffrage will prevent the consummation of its pernicious designs, under the cloak of constitutional means. Great harm may be done by convulsing society and clogging the wheels of government, but never can the balance of political power be wrested from a majority by legiti-

mate means; while an appeal to arms by a minority would be a rash and impotent measure. If, on the other hand, a faction be in a majority, this same fundamental principle of republican government allows authority over the public administration, and the welfare of other citizens, to the probable detriment of both. The danger is the more real because a faction, when vested with virtual power, is apt to become careless alike of human and divine law in the execution of its purposes. To secure the rights and safety of citizens, and at the same time to preserve the form of popular rule, is the great desideratum of a republican government, and constitutes a question involving this neutralization of the effects of the most numerous political faction. This result is obtainable by one of two means. Either the existence of identical interests in a majority must be prevented, or a majority, with precisely the same objects in view, must be so scattered and separated as to exclude the possibility of concerted and simultaneous action. Here the superiority of a large representative government over a smaller one, of a union of states over a single state, is clearly evinced. In a republic, whatever its territorial extent, the number of representatives must be large enough to prevent cabals and private combinations; and not too great, lest the assembled body become unwieldy and confused in deliberation. The representatives of the people, therefore, without regard to the aggregate of the population from which they are delegated, must be a constant and fixed quantity. The first advantage resulting from this limitation, to the larger republic, is the defeat of private intrigue. Each representative is chosen by a greater number of voters, and is thus largely prevented from carrying his election by the practice of dishonest stratagems, or the expression of false sentiments and principles adopted for the occasion. In the second place, the more extensive the country the greater variety of parties and interests will it embrace. The existence of sentiments minutely identical, even in the dominant party, is thus prevented. To perform the duty devolving upon him,

each representative must strive to promote the interests of that section of the country from which he is delegated. The penalty attached to non-performance of such duties is the certain loss of a re-election. There are few representatives who would be so blind to their own advancement as to make this sacrifice, by entering into schemes to obtain absolute power, with the certainty of speedy and complete retribution.

Escape from those evils which would result from intestine wars and assurance of the prevention of the mischief which might be done by a faction bent on accomplishing its designs, to whatever detriment of the public would alone justify the increase of power which the constitution gave to the central government. There were, however, other perhaps equally cogent reasons for such an act—organized resistance against foreign powers, the development of natural resources, a free circulation of trade through the country, the protection of merchant ships, all the advantages which would flow from concerted action in matters of national importance.

In the assembly convened in 1787 to consider what measures should be adopted to preserve what the war had gained, every historical form of government, every agency at work among the people, every circumstance and condition which extended hopes of the stability of popular rule, was discussed with a minuteness and earnestness which indicated a realization of the responsibility resting in the convention. The result of their deliberation was the constitution of the United States as it exists to-day, with the exception of the amendments which have since been necessitated by changing events. In this way, and as the result of such causes, was made the first and greatest stride towards centralization of power in this country, a result as needful as it was desirable, which rescued the Union from dissolution, the lives and property of citizens from the precarious disasters of intestine wars, the country from foreign conquest, and republicanism from the opprobrium of failure.

The Three Brothers.

SOMEWHERE on the New England coast stands an old town, that was once a prosperous sea-port, but is so no longer. Its fleets have sailed away to the north and to the south, and have never come back; and the whaling trade and the East India trade are things of the past. A long street runs through the place; on both sides of it are comfortable white houses with green blinds and neatly-kept walks and gardens; here and there, too, an old family homestead, a relic of the Revolution. In front of these, their interlaced branches forming a graceful Gothic archway over the road, stand the tall, stately elms, whispering and bowing to each other, as the wind stirs the feather-like foliage at their tips. From the main street, lanes run down to the wharves, lined with the cottages of the sailors and fishermen who carry on the little fishing and coast-trading still done in the town.

The life here is very quiet. Day after day, year in and year out, the old sea-captains, who have come back to enjoy their evenings in the home of their boyhood, and who form the main part of the population, doze and smoke their pipes under the trees, and walk out on the cliffs in the evening to look at the sea. The fishing-boats and trading-schooners glide slowly and silently out over the bar as if unwilling to leave their home for the perils of the sea. Gladly they sail in again after the voyage is done, but without the noise and commotion of a busy harbor. Along the shore the waves break with a soft, sleep-disposing sound, varied as they sweep over a rock, and above which is heard, now and then, the whistle of the sand-piper as he flies whirring over the water. The old black wharves, that once resounded so joyously with the shouts of sailors and the hum of trade, are slowly rotting, as the tide steals up along the piles, where the sea-slime clings, and goes silently down, leaving always less

strength to resist it than it found. Rusty anchors and chain-cables lie about in confusion, and there, in a corner, like the bones of some ancient mariner lain down to die, are the remains of an old ship's long-boat, half decayed. Here is seen the newly painted yawl of a fisherman, or his white nets shining bright in the sun, in strange contrast to their surroundings. Typical in a way of the town itself are these remnants and reminders of bygone times interspersed with tokens of the new.

North and south along the coast run gray, forbidding-looking cliffs. At their foot, piled up on one another, lie great rocks, to which the seaweed clings like the hair of huge sea-monsters lifting their heads above the wave. Far out under the water, a mile below the town, runs the "Three Brothers" reef, marked midway out by three tall rocks, called by that name. On these, in rough weather, the mighty billows strike with a noise of thunder, stop for an instant and then rise faster and faster, till they pour down the other side in a cataract of foam, sixty feet high. A fearful sight at such a time is the reef, the black rock and white spray calling to mind visions of wrecked ships and drowned seamen, with their death-pale faces, floating in the surge. For many a fine vessel and gallant crew have here met their end, driven on the rocks and dashed to pieces by gales no human power could oppose. On the cliff above, keeping solitary watch and ward, stands, in outline against the sky, an old Colonial house. It is long and low, with gabled windows and a peaked roof, and great wooden beams built into the walls. Spared for its Tory owner's sake when the British burned the town in the Revolution, it had passed toward the end of the war into the hands of a Whig branch of the family, in whose possession it remained till the family died out. Many are the legends and stories that the village people tell of it and its owners, and one of the most interesting of these goes somewhat as follows:

It had always been a family custom with the Annables that one of the sons should be in the navy, and when, at the end of the last century, the family dwindled down to a widow and her only son, it so happened that he too wished to follow in his forefathers' footsteps. Richard Annable was accordingly entered as a midshipman in one of the few cruisers the States then maintained, and continued on active service for a long time, while his mother dwelt alone in the old house on the cliff.

As it developed, Richard's character showed a curious mixture of good and evil. Generous, handsome, apt to learn, able to carry out well what was set him to do, ambitious of distinction in his profession, his nature was yet imbued with a mental sloth, fatal to pre-eminence of any kind. From subjects requiring calm, deep, thoughtful consideration, he would glide away as gladly, and with as little seeming effort, as a ship avoids a rock in her course. Thought on a subject is the mother of belief in it. A want of thought involves a lack of convictions, and without convictions a man's faith dies, and his religion soon loses even the semblance of a being. So that Richard Annable, though not avowedly disbelieving, became, in reality, not much better than an infidel: a man without faith. Such a nature needs some great awakening; some one to arouse and concentrate the latent and unused powers of the mind. Dogmatic reasoning and stern exhortation would only excite weariness and opposition. The methods used must be the gentler ones of persuasion and love. For the latter, Mrs. Annable's own religious training had unfitted her; she tried to influence her son's mind before touching his heart, and so acting, failed utterly.

But a time came when Richard loved and married a woman calculated in every way to inspire affection and respect. Tall, with dark hair, and pale though healthful complexion, Lois Wycherly could not be called beautiful, but the expression which pervaded her countenance was one

which attracted by its sweetness; pleasant, clear, truthful glances shot from the eyes; and the whole impression, on seeing her, was of a noble, lovely woman. Of a character earnest, though calm; loving, though dispassionate; devout, though tolerant; Lois was neither blinded to her husband's defects by love, nor induced by mistaken religious ardor to over-rate and increase them. She appreciated his character and dealt with his faults accordingly; striving, with gentle hand but firm purpose, to make his love for her an elevating power in his life; to teach him to think; to train his mind and fit it for the consideration of higher and nobler things. But few and far between were her opportunities for so doing. The furloughs of a naval officer on active service came but seldom, and were over too quickly.

Richard's mother died soon after his marriage, and, in his absences at sea, his wife lived alone at home, where her life, though quiet, was made anything but peaceful by constant anxiety for his safety. Her great fear was, lest, amid the dangers of the sea, he should meet death unprepared spiritually, and if by divine grace he should have been ready when the summons came, she prayed that, if in no other way, she might learn it by some sign or token. The horror of the doubt, whether to think him saved or lost to her for eternity, she recoiled from as too great. Yet the gradual improvement in Richard's character, Lois could trace as time went on, gave her moments of great happiness, and encouraged her to hope for the successful accomplishment of her purpose.

About the middle of the war, in the year 1813, Lieutenant Annable was promoted to the command of the *Mermaid*, a small frigate, and ordered to the West India Station, where he was to remain nearly two years. Before joining his ship, he obtained leave of absence for a longer time than usual, and returned home. And now it became evident that in mind Richard had, as it were, passed from boyhood to manhood. The change was marked by uneasiness and periods

of disquiet and depression, in which Lois could see that he was struggling with himself—querying, questioning, thinking—and she felt that the time she had so long hoped for had come, when his mind should awake from its slumber. But with it, alas! came also the time when Richard must leave wife and child and join his ship. With many tears and misgivings, but with hope at her heart, Lois saw him go. Her last words were, “Dear Richard, I shall pray daily that you may come to know your need of grace. Oh, that I may not be left in ignorance of it, if you do seek and find!” And with such words ringing in his ears, he went away.

To the young wife, left at home with no companion but her child, the time passed but slowly. However, the weeks and months sped by, the period of Richard’s absence grew shorter and shorter, and finally, in the Autumn of 1815, she received a letter, saying that the cruise was up, and that the ship would probably arrive in the harbor of the town some time towards the end of November. From morning till evening, as the last days of the month drew on, hopes of his return that day would keep alternating with despair of it, and longing and expectation left Lois no peace.

One afternoon the thin, watery clouds that had been in the sky all day, settled down into a gray haze over land and sea, the waves moaned away a little more loudly at the foot of the cliffs, the wind freshened, the screaming sea-gulls flew low over the water, and everything betokened the approach of a severe northeast storm. By morning it had come with all its fury. The wind, which whistled and shrieked through the two tall locust trees that stood before the house, had given the coast a fringe of foaming breakers which could be seen for miles. The great waves came sweeping down upon the land like cavalry in a charge; chasing one another in their fierce rivalry, some broke their ranks and fell upon the “Three Brothers,” while the rest, pursuing their course unchecked, thundered on the rocks

which lay along the beach, now entirely covered, and cast the spray a hundred feet high on the black face of the precipice. All day long, like many another sailor's wife, sat Lois by the window looking out over the angry sea, hoping, yet fearing, to see the Mermaid. When evening came she seated herself before the fire and gazed sadly into the embers, which, faintly glowing, like her half-extinguished hopes, like them, too, seemed to find it hard to die. A strange sense of despondency and uneasiness oppressed her, caused perhaps by the state of the weather and her fear that Richard was encountering the gale somewhere on the coast; nor would she have been able to endure the loneliness and the dread but for the comfort given her by the sight of the baby, sleeping quietly in his cradle near at hand. At last she took out and re-read her last letter from Richard, and as she read her mind was quieted by the closing words: "God willing, you shall see me in November," for they seemed as if were a sort of prayer. Soon, taking the cradle with her, she went into the next room and lay down to rest.

She might have been asleep about two hours when, suddenly, she awoke, with a feeling of nameless fear. Sitting up, she looked through the open door-way into the next room, and perceived, by the dim light of the embers, the figure of a man standing at the fire-place, his eyes shaded by his hand. He wore a naval uniform, which seemed dripping with sea-water, and as much as she could see of his face was deadly pale. All at once, as Lois rose and approached the door, a piece of charred wood blazed up, casting its flickering light around, and she saw that it was Richard. When she reached the door-way, the figure made a step towards her, and exclaimed, in a voice that she remembered to her dying day: "The grace of God, at such an hour as this, is worth a thousand worlds. Praise be to Him, that I have found it;" and as she looked the figure faded away. She glanced at the clock; it was half-past twelve.

At that instant, above the roar of the storm, sounded the report of a signal gun: the last appeal for help of a ship in distress. Slipping on her clothes, Lois rushed outside, and to the edge of the cliffs, and there, hard and fast in their iron grip, the Three Brothers held a gallant vessel for the cruel surges to tear in pieces. Pouring down over her, they came with a force so terrific that it seemed as if each moment must be her last. The townspeople were assembled on the cliffs, but rescue there was none. A boat could not have lived a minute in the breakers. Had it been attempted, it would have been too late; a wave, larger than the rest, lifted the doomed ship, with irresistible power, high in air, and, hurling her down on the back of the rock, fairly broke her in two. And all was over with the Mermaid, for she it proved to be.

Wrecked in sight of port, in sight of home, the bodies of the ill-fated crew were washed ashore the next day; among them, the body of Richard Annable. His face was calm and peaceful, as though he had died with a prayer on his lips. In his pocket they found a bible Lois had given him. His watch had stopped a minute or two before the time that Lois had seen his apparition, so that he must have been washed overboard and drowned before the ship went to pieces. He had kept his promise. His wife's prayer had been granted.

Voices.

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, in his address before the *Phi Beta Kappa*, at Cambridge, has again sounded the war-cry against the classics, as taught in our colleges. One of the New York papers says this was "put up" beforehand, and that President Eliot and the corporation are with Adams in his attack, the faculty, on the other hand, being largely opposed. There were no new arguments in his speech, though the old ground of practical inutility and loss of time was well fortified. But his argument, as has been so often shown, proves too much. It will hold almost as forcibly against three-fourths of the branches we take in college. If we only learn here what can be turned into dollars and cents, our four years had better be spent in the counting-house, or in the lawyer's office. The whole question of discipline is overlooked. We come to college, not to store away facts; not to learn, but to strive; not to load, but to strengthen our mental powers. If it be discipline and exercise we seek, we must select such studies as will afford this. Let Mr. Adams show that other branches will afford better exercise for our powers than the classics, and then the substitution can be made; but his arguments are irrelevant as long as he deals with the mercenary side of the question, and overlooks the great end of college instruction.

But, aside from this position, the classics are not wanting in practical value. While our present system of spelling is to be learned and used, probably for generations, a knowledge of Greek and Latin roots is of great advantage. Indeed, this etymological argument is perhaps the strongest that can be urged against the phonetic system. We do not argue for our present system of spelling, but as long as it is used, we maintain the classics must be studied as a basis for anything like a science of comparative philology, and further still, for the intelligent understanding and use of good English.

Again, to the student of literature, the classics open regions of the richest wealth. And what man of culture—culture in its narrowest sense—is not a student of literature? If making money is the end of life, if gold is happiness and morals, then all one needs is the science and art of getting gold. But if money is merely a means, an instrument for mind and heart culture, for intellectual training and acquirement, if the better part of life is not sensuous, but higher enjoyment and happiness, then one can ill afford to cast away the best resources that the world can offer for the promotion of this training and the pursuit of this happiness. We cannot, in reaching out for intellectual advantage, scorn the grandest products of the human intellect.

But it is urged, translations will accomplish this. No; translations do not accomplish this. Translations are recastings. A translated work is always run through the translator's mental sieve, and whatever is too big for his meshes is lost. Plato's philosophy has as many estimates as it has commentators. Dryden and Pope do not become Virgil and Homer in translating the *Æneid* and the *Iliad*. The English version of the Song of Solomon is about as much like the original as the restorations of Brumidi's work in the Capitol. Art can not be estimated in material wealth. Scholarship—the scholarship that we Americans lack—the scholarship that our fast age can not spare time to acquire—deep, ripe scholarship is what we must possess if we are ever, as a nation, to become eminent in criticism or original production. Convince the young artist that he must not study the old masters; persuade the young musician to neglect his Mendelssohn and Bach and Wely, and on the same ground our students of literature will be convinced that the old Latin and Greek models should be no longer a part of their collegiate education.

A great many articles on this subject have been called forth by Mr. Adams' oration. Among these the defense of the classics by President Seelye, of Amherst, is perspicuously full and conclusive.

WE ARE GLAD to learn that the great success which attended the presentation of "David Garrick," by the Dramatic Club, has led to the formation of a similar organization this year. Members of the Faculty have heartily approved of the association and its plans. Positions on the Club will be filled from all classes, in a similar manner to that pursued by the Glee Club. It is thought that in this way the best talent will be secured, and a permanent organization also effected. Plays of a high order of merit, alone, will be produced, and all others rigorously excluded, so that both pleasure and profit may be the result. There is nothing that will tend more to lessen the monotony of the winter's work, and afford an excellent diversion to the mind. Let the whole College lend the Club their hearty support, and we will be sure of a pleasant treat in the form of three or four productions by our fellow-students.

THE town has for some time felt the need of an opera house or public hall. This need has been often expressed by the county paper, but thus far has met with no success. The citizens recognize the fact that the one room at command is lacking in seating capacity and general fitness of accommodation. Yet, it seems that the prospects for getting a building are no way bright. The condition of things in College is much the same. Our chapel, very rightly, I think, is closed to all but religious exercises. During the year we have to get along with the old chapel and Examination Hall, though these quarters are far from the best. When Commencement comes, we must take refuge in one of the town churches, and carry there what we exclude from our own chapel.

If the town had a hall, it would be a great convenience to the College. If the College had a hall, it would be a great

convenience to the town. That is the way matters stand, and have stood for some time. There seems to be no chance at present of any steps being taken on either side. But why should not the two interests be united, and a hall be put up in partnership? The burden would thus be divided, and both town and College would have what each desires.

After a common want is felt for so long, it seems as though some measures should be adopted to provide for it. We would urge, therefore, that our powers do something. If they make a move, it is more than probable that it will be gladly seconded by the other party interested.

ONE of the most interesting subjects in French's "Study of Words" is that relating to the elevation and degradation of words. If the old archbishop could spend a little time in Princeton, at the present day, he might add many new examples to his list of these words. We wish to speak of one—one which has acquired a meaning so much higher than its original usage allowed, that it must have struck the attention of every thoughtful man among us. If a student is seen talking to one of his professors, or if he has anything whatever to do with an instructor beyond the intercourse necessary in the class-room, he is called a boot-lick. It designates one of the meanest and most abhorrent classes of mankind. The very sound of it is disgusting, and such a low and detestable idea does it convey that we would as soon expect to see a man knock another down for calling him boot-lick, as for liar or black-guard. But, on the contrary, so far from feeling insulted are we, that we use the term even in reference to ourselves. It is a common thing to hear a man who has made an unusually good recitation, or has otherwise made a favorable impression on the instructor, say: "I got in an elegant boot-lick on Prof X., this morning." Thus we hear the miserable term on the

streets, at the clubs, in our rooms, till we forget the degraded meaning of the word—just as one may live by a noisome sewer till the smell ceases to be offensive. This is not as it should be. We say nothing against the word *per se*. It is a good one to express a low and mean idea. It is a most excellent epithet to apply to a contemptible, hypocritical sneak. But to this range it should be confined. We should use it less often, and should compel it to take its proper place in our vocabulary. But we have no hope that it will. The word has taken hold, and will be used by coming generations of students. The question now is, what shall we call the real boot-licker?

THE SUBJECT of "College Athletics" seemed to have been fully ventilated last year, but we see that the President of one of our New England colleges has opened the discussion anew. An excellent article in the *Atlantic* of a few months ago would be almost enough to convince the unprejudiced that the great alarm about college athletics is wholly unnecessary. Do away with intercollegiate games, as was proposed, and you destroy the one incentive that induces many of our men to engage in physical exercise. The same principle is involved here as in the contests for college honors and prizes. Some of our best men devote much of their time to athletics, and it is these who, in after life, will have a well-developed constitution to supplement their mental labors. Various arguments have been brought forward in favor of our sports, which need not be reviewed here. Suffice it to say, that any great restrictions imposed by college authorities in general, would soon produce results entirely unanticipated. The true student will not waste his time, and others might better be employed in healthful exercise than in what would injure both mind and body.

AT THE opening of every college year, the question of joining Hall occupies the attention of entering students. Now we do not wish to say which Hall a man should join, but we do wish to urge the advisability of joining one of them. Some men think they can go through College without it, but they are in a small minority, and do not really recognize what they are losing. The purpose of the Halls is to afford opportunities which our College course cannot do. In other words, they supplement the regular curriculum. They give a man confidence in himself, and an easy and natural way of expressing his ideas, if he will only make use of the advantages which they offer. Ask the advice of any one who has diligently applied himself to Hall work. He will tell you not to hesitate a moment, if you wish to derive the greatest possible benefit from your four years in Princeton. But the arguments are not wholly literary. The Halls furnish the means not only of forming closer friendships in your own class, but also of bringing the different classes together. Deliberately decide which Hall to join, and do it.

THE EXPERIENCE which some of the Seniors have had in their elective studies, shows the College is in want, both of more instructors and apparatus in some departments. It is impossible for a professor to give each student the requisite amount of attention when there are so many members in the class. It is equally impossible for a great number of men to work with a small number of instruments. Heretofore the elective classes in these branches have not been too large for satisfactory work, but since the subjects are becoming more popular, greater facilities should be offered for prosecuting them.

THERE are many views as to the aims of a college course. One extreme entirely ignores the elective system, and is based on the idea that genuine culture cannot be obtained in that manner. The other makes the whole curriculum elective. Both are alike erroneous. College is not a place devoted to the education of specialists, nor is it, on the other hand, intended to crush individual talents. It becomes necessary, then, to so adjust the course that students may become proficient in the branches for which they are adapted, and at the same time afford that general culture which true education demands. In the required portion of his course, a man often finds subjects which are distasteful to him; but if he is conquered by these, his intellect is in danger of becoming one-sided and unsymmetrical. The greatest benefit is derived from a college course by mastering every allotted branch. Then, and then only, will the student be able to grapple with the many questions which are the province of the human intellect to decide. A depth, breadth and accuracy of knowledge will be acquired, which cannot be by studiously devoting one's self to a part of the curriculum and neglecting the remainder. Let the student arrange his time so that no study will be neglected. Minds thus educated will prove to be the greatest factors in the world's progress.

Editorials.

COMMENCEMENT and vacation are again over. *Tempus has fugited*, as Mrs. Partington says, and we must now address ourselves to the stern duties of another academic year. Therefore, let him that was fresh last year be fresh no more. And let us make it an earnest, studious year. The Class of '86 introduced a new era in refraining in part from the spree of Freshman year, and we hope that, as Sophomores, they will retain the dignity they then assumed; but we can all assist in maintaining the reign of good order. We feel assured that as '84 takes the helm of affairs, everything that she attempts will be well performed, and that, while the leader in so many reforms, she will not hesitate to espouse a cause that demands the support of every man who comes to Princeton.

This is in the line of the remarks by our venerable President at the close of last term—remarks that should have been listened to with the deepest humiliation. The thought that it should be necessary to exhort a band of Princeton students, of gentlemen, of Christians, to pay proper respect to their instructors in the class-room, and to employ only fair means at examinations, is enough to bring the blush of shame to the cheek of any honest man. It is a disgrace to a class; it is a disgrace to the college; it is a disgrace to the "c" that is opposite so many of our names in the registering books.

But we do not mean to discuss this question—there is no room for discussion. Enough has been said lately to bring the subject fairly before both faculty and students. Indeed, too much, perhaps, has been said about *honor*, and too little about *discipline*—stern, right-handed discipline. We have had enough sentiment; let us now have some practical fruit. A thief must be treated like a thief. As long as it

pays to be a thief, thieves will be abundant. If a man is disrespectful in the class-room, let him be sent out *to stay*. When a man is caught with "cribs," let that be his last opportunity of using them in Princeton College. The best goad to honor is a penalty for dishonor.

And so, at the beginning of another year, we would call upon all to join in earnest efforts to banish these contemptible practices from our midst.

WHAT is the chief demand made on college graduates?

In what way are they expected to most thoroughly demonstrate the utility of an academic education? A reasonable and well-considered answer will be, that they are expected by the world to be men of culture. And of all phases of culture, that in which they are supposed to have an advantage over other men is literary culture. Ought not, then, a college student to have the very amplest opportunities for the cultivation of letters, and if the incentive of future power and usefulness be not sufficient, the very strongest secondary incentives to it? Now, far be it from us to lay the whole or even a large part of the blame for failure in this respect upon the college, or upon the English department; for it does seem to us that there is, to a great extent, failure to meet this demand of the times in which we live. One goes out from all the training and enlightenment of a college course, and is humiliated at finding himself, in this respect, disadvantageously compared with non-college men. There is something laughable in the dense ignorance of the spirit and body of our own literature displayed by some who could read Cicero or Horace at sight, or rattle off a list of Greek authors with comparative familiarity. We have known many a college man who could scan Homer and Virgil, but would be dumbfounded

if asked to do the same with Shakespeare or Wordsworth. Many an amusing incident might we relate in this connection, but pity bids us forbear. The most mournful feature of it all, and the one which provokes most despair, is the democratic spirit in which so many regard literature. In the tone of Herr Most and Dennis Kearney, they deem all authors to be of equal importance, from "The Duchess" to Mrs. Browning, from Samuel Smiles to William Shakespeare. They blandly ignore the petty distinctions which time and criticism have erected. Truly their condition is a happy one, notwithstanding its lack of illumination; for it must be comfortable to read without misgivings, and to imagine even indifferent books as good as the best.

But really our zeal has quite carried us away, and we have been too severe; for if the average student is ignorant of literary distinctions, he is at least surprisingly frank in the admission of his ignorance, and sincere in his desire for amendment. This is evinced by the "courses of reading" undertaken by so many, and by the widespread existence of reading clubs in college. Martyrs, every man of them; and they ought to know it! For while this is good after a fashion, it is insufficient. A man is liable either to read what is trashy, or to undertake the study of the longest, dullest and most recondite works in the language. Such persons often *begin* by tackling "Paradise Lost" and "Hamlet," Emerson and Gibbon. Here is where we would exercise the wonted but neglected function of a LIT. editor, and "pitch into the powers." Freshmen and Sophomores are, perhaps, supposed to read a little. But their reading must be of the kind we have just described, so long as the college supplies no instruction at the beginning of the course, in the principles of literary criticism and the fundamental ideas of English literature. A short course of lectures in Freshman year, with Stopford Brooke's "Primer of English Literature" as a text-book, would prove of immense value. Without the ability to take a bird's-eye view, to make a

comparative estimate of books and authors, the whole English course is of lessened value to a student. Rhetoric and English literature should not be taught as mere sciences; they demand for their full appreciation a previous reading of no little extent. Our professors of English would doubtless agree with us in saying that the mere study of a few works is futile, unless there is had this more intimate acquaintance with authors. But they presuppose more reading than most students can do. Now the brief synopsis in Freshman year which we recommend, would enable a man to do some of this reading in a sensible and profitable manner, during the two years that intervene before he begins the more specific and thorough study of English literature.

THE COLLEGE is to be congratulated upon the announcements made at Commencement, and more fully in Dr. McCosh's circular, "Note as to the Department of Philosophy." They point to the founding, at least, of the "School of Philosophy." As at present constituted, the school is to comprise six chairs. Dr. McCosh will continue his instructions as heretofore, adding a short course on *Æsthetics*. Professor Sloane has been appointed Professor of the Philosophy of History and of Political Science, including Government. Professor Ormond, a Princeton ex-fellow, who stood first in the intercollegiate contest in Mental Science, comes from the University of Minnesota, as Professor of Logic. These, with Professor Shields, in his department of Science and Religion, and a Professor of Moral Philosophy and of Jurisprudence, who have not yet been appointed, will constitute the school. In addition to this, Professor Patton will lecture on Higher Metaphysics, and Professor Scott and Professor Osborn on the Relation of Brain and Mind.

While Princeton has always been well abreast of the philosophic thought of the day, and in the last twenty years has contributed her full quota, it will be a source of gratification and pride to all concerned that this movement has started here, and that it has started under the direction of the one man in this country who has ground for the "hope of raising and fostering an American School of Philosophy, as distinguished from the *à priori* school of Germany and the materialistic physiological schools of England."

The official confirmation, also, of the rumors of the clubs and the hints of the papers in respect to the appointment of a Dean, has been and must be received as the best adjustment of the questions that arise upon the resignation of the President. The best results are thus secured, as Dr. McCosh will no longer be burdened with the double duties of instructor and President, and can devote himself exclusively to the former, and as the executive duties of which he is relieved are entrusted to one so eminently fitted for the position as Dr. Murray.

IN THE published catalogue of the Lawrenceville school, an institution is projected that, in completeness of detail and dignity of conception, will rank very high among the preparatory schools of this country. The munificence of its endowment is a surprise to no one, when its source is considered; indeed, this is only another of those princely projects that rival one another as benefactions of a princely house.

In this school the crying need of our College will, it is hoped, be realized. To be sure, it disclaims, and properly so, any connection with Princeton College; still, its nearness to us, its record in the past in sending men here, and its

being founded in the name that has been so long associated with the welfare of Princeton, will make it, in a sense, peculiarly our own. If this be so, we can now insist upon a revision of our standards of admission. The fear of losing students ought never to be a consideration with an institution of our endowment and name. We are not compelled, like the numberless one-horse colleges of the land, to study the law of supply and demand in fixing our requirements. But we all know this has been done in the past. We have long felt the need of larger requirements in classics and mathematics, and the only reason for not having them was that the schools were not equal to it. Now the classical course, in the catalogue before us, will warrant a great advance in both these departments.

And this is even more apparent in English. There is no reason in the world why Rhetoric and English Literature should not be taken in the preparatory school. Our English course is crowded, on the one hand with details of structure, and on the other with history, and we have little time for critical and exhaustive work. The splendid opportunities that Princeton affords for distinctive literary work are thus seldom appreciated or utilized. With historical literature and the principles of rhetoric in the preparatory school, our present excellent course in discourse could be put in Freshman year, and an exhaustive study begun in Sophomore year. This would give the Seniors more time for critical work or original production.

But these are particular suggestions; what we need is a careful revision of our standards of admission, and such an advance in the several departments as the present opportunity warrants, and the interests of a broad and liberal culture demand.

Literary Gossip.

ONE often grows dreadfully tired of the constant reference to style in writing, and of the stress which is laid upon it by professors and students here in College. We imagine that if ever we have anything important to say, the words will come of themselves. No more striking answer to this complaint could be made than a reading of "Love in Old Clothes," in the September *Century*. This remark seems strange; but let us see. You have all read it, of course? When you laid it down, you felt that you had seldom passed a pleasanter half-hour. Why? Not because the plot is of any great account; it is rather conventional and dull than otherwise. Not because of the quaint spelling; you once spelled badly yourself, and were not at all amused by it then. Not, surely, for any great depth of wit or wisdom. It is style, and style alone, which makes this sketch so wonderful. We say wonderful, for sometimes wonder is excited not so much by what is great as by what is perfect, be it never so minute. It is style, largely, which makes Holmes so enjoyable, and which renders Lowell charming. The French are masters of it, and know its value.

— The last number of the *Quarterly Review* contains an essay which, although we must disagree with it, premises, conclusions and all, may as well as any other furnish a text. It is entitled "The Study of English Literature," and takes up arms against the movement for increased study of English, on the singular ground that this study encroaches on the classics. The *Quarterly* is notoriously the most blundering and antediluvian publication now extant; but it outdoes its own stupidity in the article referred to. The writer alludes to the conflict between the sciences and the classics, and claims that the study of English is arrayed with the former. It does not appear to him, as it does to your Gossip, that this study is rather to be ranked with the classics, both from its nature and its influence. After all, would it be so outrageous if we should contradict the reviewer in another point, and side with those who deem science the *ne plus ultra* in education? But no! we shall refrain from discussing that whole subject, knowing well that every college paper in the land, the *Lit.* included, will have its word on it.

However, realizing how hard put to you have been this summer to answer the arguments of those who caught at the charges of Mr. Adams, in his Harvard speech, it is only fair that we should make reference to "A College Fetish," by President Porter, in the Septem-

ber *Princeton Review*. In spite of its use of *argumentum ad hominem*, it is a pretty good answer to the Harvard after-dinner address, and one may profit by reading it, even though he fail to enjoy his attempts at witticism. And if one cares to see the advocates of the other side in the full display of their weakness and ignorance of the subject, let him read "The Dead Language Superstition," in the *Popular Science Monthly* for September. A solid mass of statistics and arguments on this question is contained in the report of the University of Berlin, published by Ginn, Heath & Co., in a pamphlet called "Classical or Non-Classical Training for the Higher Education."

— Good, new American novels are very rare just at present; the public is a little tired of Howells, James & Co. A story is running in the *Century*, whose opening notes are struck in a spirited manner, by some firm, strong hand, as yet unknown. Who is writing the "The Bread Winners?" is not so important a query as, Can he keep it up on that high key and in that difficult *tempo*? The style and thought lack the richness and mellowness of the great masters of fiction, of Thackeray, or George Eliot, or Hawthorne, and, in their bare vividness, remind one of Howells himself. "Bare vividness," the clearness and also the harshness of sunlight, is as much characteristic of American life as of American literature, according to Mr. James; and yet, we would more than hesitate to ascribe "The Bread Winners" to him.

— College students may not be as much interested in moral instruction in the public schools as they should be, yet they certainly will feel the keenest intellectual delight in reading two essays on this subject in the *North American Review* for August; one by the Rev. Heber Newton, the other by Dr. F. T. Patton; the former considering its practical, the latter its theoretical aspect. Geometry itself is outdone by the perfect logic of Dr. Patton's article.

— We notice, with pleasure, the publication of a new edition of those "Reveries of a Bachelor" with which "Ik Marvel" delighted our fathers. We wonder how many of our fellow-students have ever read "Dream-Life," in part a college story, and certainly one of the classics of American literature. Many collegians have an idea that the most improving kind of reading is something of the five-volume-history stamp. A good rule for such people is never to read anything which is not interesting. To take in the spirit of a book like "Dream-Life," will do such a man more good than to know Bancroft *verbatim*.

— The highest kind of music is said to be that which calls up in the mind of the listener the images of visible things, the forms of actions, and the shadows of emotions. We have been haunted all summer by the beautiful verses in which Helen Gray Cone, in the *July Century*,

endeavors—with what success we cannot say—to render into words the music of a Nocturne of Rubinstein. If the harmony of the original music is as wonderful as that of her rhythm, it must be grand indeed. And, after all, is it not one of the chief marks of good poetry that it shall suggest music, just as one characteristic of good music is to suggest visible forms and words?

—The *Manhattan* is to be congratulated for employing the services of such writers as the late Wm. M. Baker, Philip Bourke Marston, and Edmund W. Gosse. A beautiful sonnet, by Gosse, in the August number, may well conclude this rambling chat, expressing, as it does, both apology for summer idleness and promise of autumn activity:

"The soul is like a song-bird, and must hold
Its silent August, or its heart would break;
From the hot rushes of the unruffled lake
No warbler pipes, and where the elms enfold
Blackbird and thrush, no music is outrolled;
They wait in solitude and voiceless ache,
Till, with serenest winds, September wake
The enchanted pipes and winged age of gold.
So with the heart; and therefore blame thou not,
Brisk lover, that thy pensive maid is mute,
Wandering beside thee, with a downcast air;
She is not heedless, nor thy love forgot,
But passion dons her dreamy Autumn suit
To wake renewed in beauty, freshly fair."

Editors' Table.

"The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And these are of them."—*Macbeth*, Act I, Scene III.

BACK again? Well, we should say so: that is, with a few exceptions. Unpropitious fate and the burning zeal of a watchful dean have succeeded in "raising the standard" and lowering our numbers, but then, we are mostly here. Everything is blooming and natural. The same base balls wing their fiendish flight across the campus, which, many a time before, have made us duck our head out of consideration for our "Terhune's best." The musical prodigy (?) across the hall, whom we left singing something about "moonshine," and "seeing Nellie home," is now roaring away at the old favorite, in the same distracting style. The cornet tooter is still tooting, the "ivory manipu-

lator" makes night hideous with his banging, and the subscription fiend is on the war path, with all his pristine vigor. Have we been away for three months? We can hardly believe it: but then the voice of the editors-in-chief, calling out the copy for a September Lit., assures us it is so. Verily, "History repeats itself," if we may be allowed to use that old proverb. We would have coined a new one for the occasion, but then second-hand matter comes so much easier; it requires less thought than to be original. Some of our contemporaries seem to fully appreciate this fact, and take care to make good use of it. We will mention no names now, but will suggest to the erring ones, that in future, it will be just as well to give credit where credit is due, as it is not considered exactly the square thing to entirely "crib" an article and publish it as original. Many men, more harsh in their feelings than we are, call it "thieving" and "piracy," and even the youth of the journal in question would not cause them to refrain from exposing it. We know that the articles were good, and understand the desire of the aspiring editor to be considered their sire; but let us inform you, Oh! would-be-editor with scissoring propensities, that a little freer use of quotation marks in future may save you many pang of regret and remorse hereafter. *Verbum Sap.*

By the way, it occurs to us that we made some remarks in our last about being right after the base ball pennants, and also observed that boating stock was "way up." Well, the latter is not worth quite so much now. Would you the reason? Princeton came in second at Philadelphia, and third at Lake George, that is all. But we are *right after* the pennants, though Yale is just ahead. While we are on this subject of championships, it occurs to us that we didn't get those lacrosse flags we were looking for. Where are they, anyway, and to whom do they belong? Yale, Harvard and Princeton having tied Columbia, probably claims them on the ground of having the greatest number of games *lost* to her credit. But come forward, gentlemen, make your claim, and let us know whose they are. We don't believe there is anything else Princeton was going to get, and didn't. If there is, let us know about it. But by-gones are by-gones. We have shut down on the past, and are going to begin "talking" about the future. There is no reason why we should not win the foot-ball championship this fall. We need it, and must have it. We want no more "years of victories *almost* won," but with the material at hand can, and we had almost said, will win. The captain, whose efficient play last fall won for him universal commendation, filled with enthusiasm for the case, and backed by several of the best men on last year's team, will certainly do much to put the orange and black once more at the head of the procession. But more of this anon.

The exchanges this time are few in number, and offer little either to criticise or approve. They are mostly full of commencement reports and doings, and are, therefore, quite monotonous in their similarity. The "commencement mash racket" is worked for all it is worth by most of them in their so-called stories.

J. K. Bangs has once more come before the college world, this time after six long weeks of oblivion, and edits a very creditable number of the *Acta*. He still "slings ink" with all his accustomed freedom, and congratulates himself that he has a chance once more to get even with a few of his friends. He pays up old scores with the greatest pleasure, and throws in a little extra for good measure. We are "glad to see you back, though, old fellow."

The *Dartmouth* discusses her recent expulsion from the Intercollegiate B. B. Association, and gives several reasons why she should be readmitted. They urge that their treatment in the last convention was unfair; that they made every reasonable offer that could be made to prevent their being ushered out. They claim to have had a better nine than ever before, and one whose fielding and batting average would compare favorably with the best nine in the association. Give her a show, that is all she asks. Williams, also, at the close of a remarkably successful season, is anxious to enter the college arena. She looks towards the intercollegiate pennants with longing eyes. Having eight of her last year's nine still in college, she will certainly enter under auspicious circumstances if she is granted admission. Send in your application, Williams, and success to it.

The *Yale Record* appears for the first time in its new dress, which, we must say, is quite neat and tasty. From its columns we learn that the "new stroke" has not proved quite so successful as it was hoped it would. Captain Cook has, during the summer, been perfecting several men in the old method, which they propose to revive.

The following clipping is very suggestive, and may serve as a warning to those who may be tempted to commit themselves in black and white:

HARD LUCK.

SCENE—THE HOP.

The gym. is all ablaze with light,
A waltz floats out upon the night.
In nooks secluded, hid from sight,
Sits Peggotty and Barkis.

He is a brave of eighty-three
Who sought the valedictoree;
And she a nymph of exactlee
Eight and thirty summers.

But now, bereft of audience,—
He missed it only by some tenths—
He thinks it would be "just immense,"
To speak it off before her.

Thus ran the speech: "'Tis sad to be
Compelled to part, to go from thee,
And far away." "Not yet," says she,
"Pa's lawyer has those letters."

L'ESVOI.

A month from then—so runs the story,
Beneath the orange blossoms' glory
He gave the kiss salutatory
At Hymen's own Commencement.

Calendar.

JUNE 9TH.—Domestics *vs.* Princeton. Score—Domestics, 13; Princeton, 2.

JUNE 13TH.—Cleveland *vs.* Princeton. Score—Cleveland, 12; Princeton, 7 Yale *vs.* Amherst, at Amherst. Score—Yale, 4; Amherst, 2.

JUNE 15TH.—Boat race at Philadelphia. Won by U. of Pa. Columbia did not start....."David Garrick," by the Princeton Dramatic Association.....Base ball. Metropolitans *vs.* Princeton. Score—Mets., 10; Princeton, 7.

JUNE 16TH.—Annual Caledonian Games. The "E. C. Peace Championship Cup" won by '84. 7 first and 5 second prizes.....Reading of Scientific Theses, in Chemical Hall.....Glee Club Concert, in the Gym.E. L. Bradley elected leader of Glee Club.

JUNE 17TH.—Baccalaureate Sermon, preached by Dr. McCosh..... Lyman S. Atwater Memorial Address, delivered by Dr. Wm. Taylor, of New York.

JUNE 18TH.—Class day.....J. O. contest, in First Presbyterian Church.

JUNE 19TH.—Annual Gymnastic contest.....Base ball. Merritts *vs.* Princeton. Score—Merritts, 6; Princeton, 4.....Sophomore Reception, at University Hotel.

JUNE 20TH.—136th Annual Commencement. Delivery of orations and conferring of degrees. Prizes and Fellowships awarded as follows: Classical Fellowship, Benjamin W. Mitchell, Pa.; Chancellor Green Mental Science Fellowship, John G. Murdock, N. J.; honorable mention, Frank E. Hoskins; Class of 1860 Experimental Science Fellowship, Albert P. Carman, N. J.; honorable mention, F. G. C. Perrine, N. J.; J. S. K. Mathematical Fellowship, Henry M. Landis, Pa.; W. S. Ward Fellowship, Henry Crew, '82, O.; The E. M. Biological Fellowship, Walter M. Rankin, N. J.; The Boudinot Historical Fellowship, John A. Hodge, Jr., Conn.; The Boudinot Modern Language Fellowship, Henry A. Towle, N. J.; The Class of '59 Prize in English Literature.

ture, T. Ross Paden, Pa.; the Science and Religion Prize, Claude R. Brodhead, N. J.; the George Potts Bible Prizes, George Edwards, Iowa; William P. Finney, Md.; Charles A. Richmond, N. J.; The Lynde Debate Prizes—first, John A. Hodge, Jr., Conn.; second, Otto Crouse, N. J.; third, E. M. Royle, U.; the Junior Orator Prizes—first, Leonidas Dennis, N. J.; second, George McL. Harper, Pa.; third, John Maynard Harlan, D. C.; fourth, James M. Baldwin, S. C.; the MacLean Prize, James M. Baldwin, S. C.; the Dickinson Prize, John N. Forman, India; the Class of '61 Prize in Mathematics, William B. McIlvaine, Ill., with honorable mention of Henry D. Thompson, N. Y. Annual Alumni Dinner, at the University Hotel.

JUNE 21ST.—Newark vs. Princeton. Score—Newark, 4; Princeton, 8.

JUNE 23D.—Yale vs. Princeton, on Polo Grounds. Score—Yale, 2; Princeton, 3. C. Steele Clark, '85, elected Captain of P. U. B. B. nine for the ensuing year.

JULY 4TH.—Intercollegiate Regatta, at Lake George. First, Cornell; second, University of Pa.; third, Princeton; fourth, Wesleyan.

JULY 5TH.—Race for single scullers. First, Jennison, of Princeton; second, Kohler, U. of Pa.

SEPT. 12TH.—College opened.

SEPT. 14TH.—Foot ball men begin training for fall games. Chapel Stage Divisions were drawn as follows: First Division—H. Gulick, Cooledge, Carpenter, Kimball, Welling, Finney, F. McCormick, Blair, Lewis, Hunter, Taylor, Stewart, Rogers, Burt, Leavit, Harper, Murray. Second Division—Swan, Maxwell, Prentice, Boyd, Butler, Lundy, Shaw, Hutchinson, Coan, Eshleman, Woods, McMahon, Hersh, A. Miller, Todd, Leute. Third Division—Johnson, Stevens, Thomas, Urner, Dornblazer, Ordway, Misshoff, Egbert, Ernst, Ayres, Look, Parmly, Erdman, Langdon, E. Miller, Moffat. Fourth Division—Jelke, Forman, Etter, Baldwin, Smith, Davis, Rowland, Howell, J. Blackwell, Gayley, Stevenson, Woodhull, A. Blackwell, MacKay, A. Pomerene, Lawson. Fifth Division—Young, Dolton, Alton, Harlan, Poe, Travis, Van Kirk, Lee, Nichols, Hill, F. Gulick, C. Hamilton, Hobbs, McKenney, McMillan, Dunn. Sixth Division—Belknap, D. Pomerene, Smythe, French, Marshall, Daves, Harris, Reeves, Nassau, Hedges, Sharpe, Travers, Chester, Heydrick, Dennis, Paul, Olcott.

SEPT. 21ST.—Base ball. Class championship series. '84 vs. '86. Score: '84, 10; '86, 4.

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